

# The Dragon

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Summary: What if there was an unknown figure of the night that was able to seduce you into a moment of passion without revealing who they were. What if; between the cave and chasm of Dauntless, ghosts walked and tales developed. What if an initiate halfway through initiation comes across this deranged situation. Here a triangle begins. This is not for the faint of heart. #Eric #OC #Four

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Enjoy guys!\*\***

**\*\*Please be reminded this is M, and for a reason.\*\***

"...He's such a lick ass...just...look at him." Joe says between push-ups. Signalling with his head over towards Eric and Jeanine discussing something intently in the corner of the room.

Jeanine's visit to the training rooms was surprising. She never got herself caught up in here, she always placed herself far away in the caves of Dauntless as she could, whenever she did decide to make an appearance.

I flick my brown, tied-up hair back over my shoulder, trying not to read too much into it.

The sweat was pooling on the end of my nose and my arms felt like jelly, screaming at me to stop. They'd said things would get easier, but it never did. And when there was a small inkling of hope that it would; they would dash it with some even harder, impossible task. No doubt though, after all the struggle; I was getting stronger, along with everyone else. Mentally and physically... Six weeks of pure torture.

Within the first two weeks, three people dropped out. I broke my little finger. And now I have a scar on my thigh from a risky knife

retrieval punishment for talking. There is only four weeks left to go, what's the worst that can happen? ...Right?

"Okay everyone, that's enough for today. I want everyone back here by Six tomorrow morning." Four, our instructor shouts from across the room.

Me and my best friend Joe just flop, panting and rolling to face up towards the ceiling. Others around us slink off in different directions to different groups. "Let's go lazy ass." Joe nudges me while sitting up slowly then eventually getting to his feet, while stumbling a little.

"Just leave me here. By the looks of you, I don't think I could walk if I tried."

"Oh my god Mel just get up." Joe says to me, pushing his wavy brown hair; his statement hairstyle; back and across to one side.

Joe is a good looking guy, but also we are so on the same level we couldn't be any more than friends. When I had troubles or was pushed to my absolute limits, he was there. He was also there when Luke; another initiate in our class, tries continuously to ask me out.

"Melissa Rowe. Come here please." Four barks suddenly, I'd forgot he was still in the room.

I pad my way over on weak legs towards him. "What's up?"

"You're the last on the board."

"I've noticed." Much to my concern. This year was totally ripe with first class fighters, mentally strong athletes and long distance runners. I was no where near any of them.

"Have you thought about the extra classes?"

"I have and I'd like to take you up on the offer." I try to say confidently but inside I don't know if I'm really prepared enough.

"Okay. We start tonight, meet me here at eight. We'll be finished by half nine." Four informs me. He then nods and walks away quickly. Obviously some other matter has turned up that he needs to attend to.

Turning to Joe; who is looking at me reassuringly as he makes his way over; puts an arm slung loosely over my shoulders. "That's good right?" He watches my face and can obviously see the disdain. "Right..." He says again, more drawn out. He pulls me in close and we walk back to shower together.

###

At first we were all reluctant in the sense that there was no privacy. But now its second nature and no one bats an eye-lid. Once you've seen one you've seen them all.

The water felt good, but the showers were timed, shutting off

randomly at different points. I'm lathered in soap when mine cuts out but Joe laughs next to me as the soap burns my eyes and turns the shower back on for me. I'm glad he finds me amusing.

After we're done I wrap myself in my towel and follow Joe back over to our shared room where our beds are pushed relatively close together.

"You are so beautiful." I say to him as he slips his towel and pulls on his pants.

"Pervert." He turns back and winks at me.

"No seriously. I mean it. You should like, try and get a date or something. People will start questioning you."

"I'm not dating till after we pass initiation, it'll only get in the way." He mocks.

"Oh right. My words to Luke. You're using them on me now huh?"

"Yeah. Plus. There's no one I want to date." He lies down on his bed looking up to the ceiling while I sit with my hair dripping down my back.

"What?" He says accusingly while I sit with a cunning expression on my face. When I don't say anything he swings his legs across and stands. He uses his towel in my hair, gently pulling strands through to dry them.

If I was in any right mind at all, me and Joe would be a couple. But we are too good of friends. Both from Amity, both open about sexuality and feelings, gentle and caring. But that wasn't enough for either of us, and now we are both here together.

In a way we still very much looked like we belonged in Amity. Joe with his cropped wavy brown hair that he repetitively pushes back over to one side, and me with my long wavy darker brown hair that cascades down most of my back.

The hairdresser at Dauntless wanted to chop it all off but I refused, it was something from my past I wanted to hang on to. I didn't dislike Amity and I was completely committed to Dauntless but my hair represented how far I'd made it on people's doubts. Doubts that anyone like us could even last the ten weeks, doubts that we had since proved wrong.

My eyes flutter shut without much persuasion as I concentrate on the feeling of Joe's fingers and hands running through my hair. It had been too long since I had been even touched as affectionately by a man, let alone Joe. And I wasn't ashamed at how much he turned me on while he did it so nonchalantly; if he'd of asked I would've told him openly. Instead I feel he knows, and just pretends to be non the wiser.

He stops suddenly and when I open my eyes his looks solemn. "Why'd you stop?"

"It's dinner time."

Dropping my towel I pull out my clothes and get dressed as quickly as I can. Back into another change of my training gear as I have to be with Four at eight. It's only when my hair doesn't fall in front of my face do I realise Joe's plaited it. "Thanks." I say and he smiles back at me.

"C'mon. Let's get out of here."

###

Every single one of us; the initiates, gets the glares as we walk in. Leaders and full blown members alike. We have a point to prove and they don't, which is fair enough, but it's still hard not feeling completely cast out. The only one with a smidgen of respect seems to be Four these days. I seem to forget the looks when Joe puts his arm around me again, pulling me in close.

"What am I going to do for the rest of tonight when you're prancing around with Four?"

"Oh I'm sure there are plenty of things." I smile.

"-You two like lovers or something?" A girl, Serena interrupts us from across the table.

I scoff. "No."

"Then why do you act like it?"

"We love each other as friends nothing more." Joe says matter-of-factly while biting into a burger.

"Man...I just don't understand you Amity's is all." Serena eventually says. Out of all the people here I do like Serena. She's Candor and completely open with exactly what she's thinking no matter what the subject is. She does prefer to hang around with the Dauntless born though, saying she should have been born Dauntless but in all honesty there's so much Candor left in her still I can't see how that even sprung to her mind.

Time has gone so quickly and by the time I finish my meal, half of Dauntless has vanished and times running out.

Standing I stretch. "Oh god. I really shouldn't have eaten to now go and train. I'm going to be sick."

"Maybe he'll take it easy on you Mels." Joe sniffs wiping his mouth, he's eaten so much I actually didn't think it was humanly possible.

"See you later." I chirp.

"No waking me up when you get back tonight." He jokes while waving me off.

"Wouldn't dream."

###

The training room door creaks as I step inside. The only light on is one in the middle, the rest off; telling me that no one is here. Maybe I was early. But I'm sure I left with only five minutes to get here, it should be eight by now.

"Hello?" My voice echoes.

I know better than to give up and go back to bed. If Four turns up and I'm not here he'll score me down.

My mind contemplates whether this was an actual test to see if I would stay once I found out no one was here, maybe like a test of loyalty and trust or something.

Placing my back against the wall running down the right of the training room, I face towards the door at an angle. Sliding down and eventually planting myself on the floor, I hold my knees and rest my chin. It's chilly in here and kind of freaky.

Just one patch of light from a cone shaped metal lamp-shade, smack-bam in the middle of this cavernous training room while the rest of the room, especially the sides and where I'm sitting; were covered by darkness. No one in their right mind; whether it be a fully fledged Dauntless member or not, will not come here. Once you see this room everyday, you usually want to stay away as far as possible in between those times.

On the clock above the door I find I've been here for over half an hour and Four is a no-show. Maybe he forgot? Maybe he's running late.

I place my head into my hands and hum to myself, shuffling my feet until that also becomes tiresome. Eventually my eyes close and I let myself fall into a light sleep while I wait. The food, the training from earlier and the dramas of everyday have caught up with me. If Four wanted me to train now I think I'd be no good. When the inevitable darkness of my sleep rises and clouds my brain I let myself fall into it, dreaming of Joe.

My eyes fly open to a thumping sound. Screeching of the door springs alert mew further as it sounds, slowly pushed open and closed.

My heart begins to pump into my ears and I try to stay as deadly quiet as I can, slowing my breathing so it's almost non existent. Searching for the clock I see it's one AM, I've been sleeping this entire time.

I dare not move, I can hear footsteps. Whoever it was, was extremely fast through those doors and have slid into the darkness without me even seeing them.

Some instinctive urge inside me draws my hands up to my mouth to muffle the panting and scream that seems to want to evidently escape. And I watch...searching in the darkness.

From the black a person emerges. By the size I make out it's a man, a man wearing all black; which is nothing new here in Dauntless. But what's strange is that they have covered their face with what I assume is some type of mask.

Slowly I lift my legs up trying not to make a sound. The disguised person begins pummelling into the punching bags hanging from the middle of the room, so I begin to move with each noise, rounding my way towards the door. Hoping they are so intensely preoccupied they wouldn't think to check if anyone was here.

This person was all muscle from what I could see through the tight black sleeved shirt, and angry too. The way the bag would swing violently with one punch was unreal. Someone I don't want to mess with or disturb.

Suddenly they stop punching and I take a step at the same time, on some type of uneven ground and buckling my foot slightly, sending a really obvious scraping sound across the floor.

"Stop." The muffled voice says and I freeze on the spot. My face whitening and heart slamming against my chest. "What are you doing here?"

"I...was...here...to, um-" the words don't come out they just hitch in my mouth, my mouth which is dry, the liquid gone from my mouth to my cold clamming-up hands. The person in black slowly making their way towards me, they become so close I can hear them breathe, it was muffled and almost raspy sounding.

"Are you afraid?"

"Who are... you?"

"Nobody." They sharply reply.

Taking a step back I try and create a distance. "Oh... um, I was just leaving."

"I asked you a question..." The person steps towards me. "Are you afraid?"

"...Yes." The feverish words leave me, there was no point in lying. And when this person stood in front of me, I reluctantly shrink down making them appear even taller. From here there is no clue even from the eyes, the mask darkens every feature.

"You're not very Dauntless are you..." They say mockingly.

For some reason the quip offends me, and the fact I don't know who it is annoys me more. "I am." I puff through with what sounded almost a strong reply, but not quite.

"Show me."

My legs automatically take a step away, backing away from the man. The words 'show me' were threatening, it sounded evil. An intention I couldn't quite make out. And also creepily seductive.

I scoff "What? ...No."

Before I've even finished, the person launches themselves at me and I quickly pull away to run. I'm swung by my arm back into the room, landing ungracefully on the floor. "I said show me." The person repeats. This time more demanding. Does he want me to fight? To

beg?

He begins towards me and my feet scramble to grip the floor, so in the end I flip myself and try to crawl away, heading for anywhere but him. My ankle is grabbed and pulled, then quickly ushered onto my feet in front of him.

"Please I-" My mouth chatters on the spot, then from inside something changes. This person wasn't hurting me.

They were just trying to scare me. It could be anyone.

His hands were gripped round both my arms, holding me on the spot, firmly but no where near painful or threatening. And I know it's not Joe, Joe's smaller than this, his hands much gentler and for me they would feel similar. This, this is a person I don't know. No familiarity was there.

From this distance the eyes appear blue but still extremely hooded under the mask, still no significant detail I can make out.

How many people had blue eyes here? Four? no this is not Four, this person is bigger. Luke? No Luke's not as muscly; and right now I couldn't remember if either of them had blue eyes at all. In my head I can't think of anyone else quick enough that I've had any interaction with. This person knows me though, they know who I am because they can see me. But I can't see them. It's just some... sick joke.

"Are you still afraid?" The low muffled voice asks me.

"No." And strangely I wasn't. If they wanted to hurt me they would've by now.

My Amity side begins to run through me just the same way it did earlier with Joe. Whether it was fear, or the unknown, I was beginning to become flustered and erotically turned on by this strange scenario in front of me.

I don't know what that truly says about me; and my personality. But everyone has deep-running fetishes, whether they admit them or not.

My eyes flick down the person quickly, and is if they knew exactly what I was thinking their hands run down my arms slowly, enough to tell me this wasn't affection but a want.

My skin prickles to the touch and there's a budding sensation twirling inside my stomach flowing down below me. My head screams at me to stop, to control myself, to not let the feelings take me, but by my body; and the way my heart is pounding, my toes curling, the way my tongue dances across my bottom lip. I want this...

The guys hands trail down, briefly brushing my own till they trail back up my middle following the zip of my Dauntless jacket.

They lightly hold the zip between rough fingers. Their knuckles and wrists wrapped for protection against the bags they were pounding moments before.

He hesitates for a minute before slowly trailing the zip down, the only noise remitting around the room, the long stroke of the zip drawing me further and further into this strange desire. For a split second I wonder if I'm dreaming.

His hands are quickly back and up against the side of my jacket tugging away the material till it drops from my arms. My breath begins to flutter out of me, and I fight to control it. It's no use.

He tirelessly pulls my vest up, slowly revealing my not-so-special sports bra, before also doing away with that too.

I stand before this unknown man...topless. The thought instinctively makes me raise my arms to cup my breasts but his hands stop me. "Don't" He pleads. Lowering my arms back down I try again to search for a recognisable feature. The only thing I have are his eyes and at the minute they are laced with desire.

Reaching down he slowly lowers in-front of me, crouching, and in a way it was a very vulnerable position for him. I could think of multiple ways to hurt him while he was like this but I couldn't bring myself to actually do it. In fact I didn't even want to.

His fingers slip inside my jogging pants, latching my underwear and gently, slowly he lowers them. Suddenly he knocks my already weak knees and before I hit the floor he catches me and places me against the cold concrete. My shoes are removed along with the rest of my clothes.

When he stops I wonder if perhaps now he's changed his mind. Within the blue eyes is a questioning look, through my lust it takes me a second to recognise. "You're alright." I gasp as I watch his blue eyes flicker down and then up, back to my face.

He tests my body with his fingers and my back arches as he does. What he doesn't know is how ready I am for him.

He's so strong he pulls me to him, positioning himself on top of me before he delves deep within me. My eyes roll into the back of my head. This is what I wanted.

His heat radiates through me with every urgent movement. Within the movements I smell a cologne I haven't come across before. Cinnamon, sweet, musky. Either way I don't care.

Through the mask I hear his own spills of muffled moans break through, cut off from normal human noises by the covering over his mouth.

I look down to my side as he pulls the small of my back up for a better position. A black dragon tattoo runs down his outer left thigh, the length of the tattoo is mostly hidden within his trousers that he has still pulled slightly up to his knees.

Closer and closer I come to the edge. I can tell he is too by his once sleek moves becoming erratic.

Something comes over me and with all of my strength I push back against him, and he lets me. Now putting himself in my place while I



crawl on top of him, I settle back down, with him inside me.

His hands run up my thighs and aids in my flowing, rocking motion until one slips between us. All the sensations and almost criminal act we were doing push my limits and instantly beams of light and a huge sense of release explode from deep within me.

I feel his own release flow through and revel in the riveting spasm his back seems to do while holding himself inside me. His chest rises and falls so quickly, and his berate breaths rattle inside his mask; it tells me he enjoyed it just as much.

My body crumples to him and he catches me, lowering me down to him albeit briefly, before placing me on my side against the floor.

When I open my eyes he's already pulled his trousers back up and holds his hand out.

When he fetches my clothes he dresses me. The whole while I watch those eyes, they are frowning now, I can tell by the creases. And when he looks up the pupils dilate slightly in the weird lighting we have around us.

Once he's almost dressed me he pulls the arms of my jacket back over while towering over me. Zipping the zip he once undone so confidently, in silence.

He finally says "Regrets?"

"None." I say without thinking. I've been waiting for him to speak the whole time, for some type of clue to who this is. Still nothing.

With the zip finally reaching the top I take it as my leave. At the door I turn.

"Who are you?"

"Nobody." He says with such sharpness I don't ask again.

The sound of the door behind me binds the secret of a passionate moment with a man I don't know.

###

"Mel. Get up." My body shudders awake. Back in my initiate bed. Everyone's up and milling around and Joe's expression is questioning. "You okay? I didn't hear you get back." He says while swiping his hair to the side.

"Oh...It was er, late, I didn't get back till late."

"Hope the training session went well."

"Yeah..." I draw the word out. "-you could say that."

"Well, get dressed. Four wants us there at six."

With his words the night comes rushing back to me. Someone here knows. Someone here had sex with me last night, and I still have no

idea who.

My hands are tittering as I dress myself. My arms ache as I brush my teeth too quickly. And I fling my hair up in a ponytail in front of Joe who has a suspicious look, he knows me, he can tell.

"Are you sure you're alright?"

"I'm fine Joe. Just tired."

His signature arm finds its way across my shoulders and I put my own around his lower back kind of grateful. He doesn't know but he's helping my depleting confidence to defeat my secret man today.

###

We are lined up as Four marches down in front of us, pacing up again shortly as he speaks, picking at people's clothes and narky comments for the early rise.

I'm paying no mind. I'm too busy watching everyone, looking at everyone's eyes, looking for the signature frown.

"It's time for another round of war games, two teams." He eventually says.

Eric appears late for some reason and a whole sense of dread drops. The last time we entered into the war games he was so pissed he lost he made his squad run laps for a whole morning.

"Fuck my life." Joe takes the words right out of my mouth.

Our names get rolled off at random. I find myself on Four's team and Joe on Eric's much to his dismay. But for me I'm pretty thrilled as Four tends to win against Eric. Eric's reckless and Four takes his time, planning everything before hand, teaching us strategies.

...The good feeling doesn't last long as our team, in the end, finally gets defeated.

I've been shot with the painful stim-darts three times in my leg leaving already forming bruises, but the awful pain has worn off by the time we get back to the trains and I'm already over it.

At least losing on Four's team isn't so bad and at least Joe won't be punished.

The train on the way back is pretty quiet compared to the excitement on the way there. I'm just listening to the wind rushing throughout the carriage, Joe's arm pulling me towards him as I lean on him as support floppily, the tiredness beginning to creep in.

For some reason Four is talking to Eric, and through all the motion of the train and wind kicking back down from the speed we're going, I can still pick up their conversation...Well the last part anyway.

"Whatever you did last night - you're better off doing again with

that random performance today." I hear Four's voice and I turn my head towards Eric, my hands gripping harder onto Joe as he complains about the pain.

But there's a fuzzing sound starting to develop in my hearing as I zone in, glancing with a what I can feel is a huge frown at the revelation; over my shoulder towards them.

My stomach dropping as he says "Yeah." While straightening his spine and almost looking down at me when he tilts his head back.

Fuck.

## 2. Chapter 2

I hate myself.

I really hate myself and what makes it worse is that I'm moping about it.

I feel so guilty and confused.

I mean, I don't know if it truly is Eric, it was just my first hint. My image of Eric makes me think he's someone that wouldn't do something like that. He's very guarded and most of the time flat out cruel and rude. Last night was someone so different to what I would assume was Eric.

He knew who I was and I didn't know it was him. Surely he would hide it better and not say something like that so openly so that I could hear?

The only real evidence I have are blue eyes and a dragon tattoo on the person's leg. The only person I'm sure of that has those features is Eric; with his blue eyes. Joe and Four both have brown. I need to find the dragon tattoo.

"Mels you haven't touched your lunch?" Joe nudges me curiously.

"No, I'm not very hungry."

"You sure you're okay?" Joe moves a hand across my shoulders then feels my forehead.

"What are you doing?"

Flicking a stray piece of fringe across, he smiles. "Checking for a temperature."

"I'm fine Joe." I curl up into his side. His familiar side that I associated with warmth and safety.

"Right well we better get going. I'm first today." Joe announces.

This afternoon is a recap of fighting and defence skills, I'd totally forgot.

When we get up Joe slips a hand over my back and plants a kiss on top of my head within my hair. "What was that for?"

"Don't know, you look like you needed it." I look at Joe's face, his beautiful face but he stares straight out in front of him. I could love this man. I could have him in my life so easily. He makes everything so easy.

Bundling in the hall my names up against Serena and Four strides over towards us, looking flustered and irritable. Four was usually like this when it came to the fights, he despised them. Us as the initiates basically kicked the shit out of each other until someone couldn't continue; and to be honest with Four it wasn't my favourite thing to do either.

The board is evil. Joe and Luke; my other problem in my life; are against each other. Luke will try to beat Joe to a pulp as he thinks that what stands between a relationship between me and him. I've told Luke that wasn't the case I'm just not interested, but he thinks because I'm Amity and he's pretty buff that one night and I'd be head over heels for him. He's going to have to think again.

I think the reason there is so much male attention in my direction is because the year we joined there was only three other female initiates that transferred. Me, Serena and one other girl that got made factionless right at the beginning.

It's safe to say I know I'm against Serena, we always are. There's no hard feelings, it's just something we do and then get over it.

Joe's warming up and throws a few punches my way teasingly when I catch back up with him in the training room. Shortly after Joe's names called and he winks at me as he walks away.

Now I'm worried, this dreaded match. Both are good at fighting but either way I still don't want to see Joe get hurt.

On the small plat-formed area Joe and Luke round each other. Luke is the opposite to Joe, blonde hair cut short, more muscly, where Joe seems more athletic, they are just different people and body types.

Of course Luke makes his first move and Joe dodges, Joe's fast. But he comes rounding back and they grapple each other, throwing their fists so quickly into each other I'm not sure where they're landing.

The spring doors of the training room squeak and I peer over my shoulder towards it. That reminder to my bizarre night last night.

Eric bowls in. Looking sharp, well presented, fresh after the war games. I watch him through my hair, making myself small in the crowd.

Eric's eyes are roaming through the initiates, searching, even though he tries to make out he's not by keeping a straight face and making himself appear taller with a straightened spine.

It reminds me to look for the dragon tattoo, and now I roam to

through the other initiates and instructors. Of course everyone's covered so I can't see. Tonight in the showers; however dodgy it looks; I'll search out for the dragon tattoo.

For a second his eyes land on me; maybe because I'm looking at him; and I drop my stare quickly. When I look again he's still watching me, and now making a detour towards the small area we are all standing round.

When he stops dead next to me he doesn't say anything. Slowly my eyes begin to trail over towards him, I'm sizing him up. He's about the right statue as the man last night. I look down towards his trousers and sigh, I'll never get to see him with his trousers off, he's a leader, I'll never see the tattoo.

"Is there a problem initiate?"

I freeze, I'm blatantly looking at his pants. "No." I say snapping my head back towards the fight. Of course Joe's been knocked down and taps out. The fight quickly ending after.

"Good." Eric says after what seems to be a minute.

My name gets called and I give Eric another once over. Much to his disapproval frown. If it's not him then I'm a unicorn.

Serena paces in front of me, it's not the first time we face off and I take the appropriate pose. When she lunges at me there's a small snicker in the crowd when she misses and I jab her in the face. Through her frustration she only seems to get stronger and floors me while climbing on top of me, punching me anywhere and everywhere, I'd say it was sloppy. With one great push I manage to roll her over and we brawl for authority. There's a slight whoop from the crowd around us. It must be thrilling, the only two female initiates brawling while clambering on each other.

Over and over I just aim for her face, her nose, her temple, trying to either knock her out or get her to submit. There is a few more seconds and eventually she taps out. I've won.

Limping from the ring me and Serena nod at each other. There's no hard feelings. And I join a bloodied nose Joe.

"Congrats." He says, wiping my face; probably a streak of blood that's falling from a cut.

We watch together as the other initiates fight till the last couple; after their fight ends; Four quickly dismisses us for the rest of the day. We are all battered, sore and aching from the war games and taking a beating.

I don't know why they spring these things on us...to keep us on our toes? To make us try harder to be fitter? To be braver? I don't really know. But if it's part of the training then we have to do it either way.

On the board my name scrapes past a guys name I've not particularly had any interaction with over the course of our training. I'm happy though, stops me being from the bottom.

"Well done Mel. That was a good fight. Keep at it." Four nods as he passes. Joe looks down at me with a massive grin, pulling me in closer to him as we then eventually laugh from the surprising appraisal.

"What do you want to do for the rest of the day?" Joe asks me while trudging back to the initiate rooms.

"Oh, I don't know. Anything."

###

Inside the room I strip off my clothes by my bed and Joe watches me. There is a sense of sexual tension from him but I brush it off, I feel it too.

Wrapping the towel around me I pad to the showers knowing he won't be far behind me and when I turn the shower on I stand for a minute under the flow.

Hands run through my hair eventually and I'm happy that it's shampoo being rubbed into my scalp by Joe. The smell, the feelings, it's relaxing.

I'm not ashamed to say Joe babies me slightly. Back in Amity we were exactly the same. Amity was notorious for love and caring, but also very much their openness to touching and caress. It was second nature, if you enjoyed it then it was even better. Obviously a lot of people would transfer from Amity if this wasn't their bag.

Touching was my bag, Joe liked to touch, we were both Amity and both completely comfortable. Perhaps Dauntless should take a leaf out of Amity's book and be more open to suggestiveness.

"Maybe we should go to the bar." Joe says eventually while rinsing my hair. He stops to do his own, and when finished passes me my towel.

"The bar? Seriously. What made you think of that?"

"I don't know. You seem a little distant today. And maybe it would do us good."

"Okay." I say. I pull out clean underwear and leggings, along with a top I bought ages ago that shows off my stomach. When I'm dressed I turn to Joe.

"Wow. Training is really working out for you." I hadn't noticed the building muscles in his arms as much as I had before.

He slips a leather jacket on and pushes his hair to the side smiling up at me when he sits to put his boots on; showing me his pearly whites and contagious happiness.

"You ready twig?"

"Heey. That's not nice." I pull the last of my hair through the hair brush and leave it down to dry. "And yes I'm ready."

"Come here." Arm in arm we head towards the mess hall.

###

The mess hall was rather uneventful. And right now I find me and Joe in a bar. Joined by Serena and a few others, much to our surprise.

"So if you had a super power what would it be?" A friend of Joe's, named Gordon finally says after we've been sitting here a while.

"To fly." Says Joe straight out.

"Really?" I question him. But all eyes fall on me and I have to take a second to think about it. "Er, I guess it would be telekinesis. Move things with my mind and whatever."

"Just so you wouldn't have to get out bed." Joe mocks, pushing me with his elbow.

We are sat around this rounded table with stools so we are all facing each other. The lights are dim and there's mediocre music playing in the background. Apparently they say it gets louder the later it gets but we usually don't hang around that long to find out.

"Serena, your turn..." Gordon says.

Serena hesitates. "...My super power would be to be more confident with my body. Like you two." She suggests with her eyes.

"...That's not a super power." Gordon says.

"Oh it is. Because it's not natural, and if you're not born with it you'll never have it." If anything I hear a discontent meaning behind the words.

For some reason I feel I have to explain. "In Amity everyone is the same-"

"-Yeah I know. But you've bought it from Amity... to here. And nothing seems to phase you. Not looks or gossip."

"Maybe because we are so open." Joe suggests.

Gordon has a thoughtful look on his face. "So in Amity, if you wanted to have sex with someone-"

"You'd ask." Joe laughs.

"What about all the touching an stuff?"

"You'd only do it if the person was comfortable and if you knew them."

"-although." I cut in. "We can be a little over the top, more than we realise with people who are not used to it. We got a hard time about it when we first joined. I mean, sometimes we lack awareness of personal space."

"Just the way you two are talking I feel like I'm in some hippy meditation class sorting through my own withdrawal." Gordon laughs

genuinely.

"Whatever, if you don't get it, it doesn't matter; you don't have to understand." Joe finally puts it and it makes sense. "-As long as we are not harming anyone." He finally peers over his shoulder to me.

"Well I'm going to head back I'm tired." Gordon says.

"Yeah it's been a rough day." I copy the stretching movement he does as he stands.

To my surprise Joe doesn't move and nor does Serena.

"Wait." Serena grabs Joe's arm from across the table. It slightly shocks me. "-Can you stay with me. You know, just for a bit."

My heart sinks a little, I'm just being selfish though. The thought of him not spending time with me almost makes me feel a sense of dread. He was my best friend, and this was Serena.

"Yeah sure." Joe says and looks at me. "I'll see you back in the room later."

For a minute I'm a little taken aback, I half expected him to dismiss her. "...Yeah...sure."

Gordon and me begin for the door and when I look back over my shoulder Serena has moved a seat closer to Joe. A huge flash of jealousy passes through me. This is the first time being here that this has happened. Maybe he's outgrown me now.

Gordon smiles and says something, probably some idle chat until finally Joe and Serena disappear from sight.

###

I can't sleep. I'm tossing and turning, it's now well past midnight and Joe isn't back, his bed empty. He's with Serena and I have no idea what they are doing or talking about.

Sitting up I run a hand through my hair and pad towards the bathroom in my shorts and vest; my typical bed attire.

In the smeared mirror I look pale, and there is black bags under my eyes. I splash water on my face quickly to distract myself trying very hard to be quiet. There are other people in here trying to sleep, but I guess six weeks of this arrangement and you were mentally trained to sleep through anything, and if you were a light sleeper, too bad.

I never have trouble sleeping. I sleep a lot, I love sleep. And right now I can't sleep, my mind is racing on Joe. I'm a jealous green monster.

In my head I imagine Joe kissing Serena, or bundling behind the bar and going further. Her groaning under his touch and him kissing down and across her body.

My knuckles on the sink have turned white and I have tingling



sensation developing down below. I'm jealous and the thought of Joe with someone else is... turning me on.

Trailing my hand down my stomach I contemplate touching myself, but I resist.

Hurriedly I move back to my bed and throw on my jacket over my pyjama's, slipping my feet in my running trainers.

When I leave the room, I do so quietly. I'm torn between going to check out Joe and Serena at the bar or find the person at the training room and confront them, and ask exactly who they are. I'm too set on finding Joe though and these images milling around my mind, I can't think straight. The person from the training room can wait.

There's only a short cavernous corridor to walk between either destination and however reluctantly I want to spy on Joe and Serena I can't stop myself.

The bar is inset against the external wall of Dauntless. Down the side in the darkness is a small alley which I assumed was just for employees. Down on the ground is a carved out cellar with metal grated doors you're able to walk on; they will also alert me if anyone is coming.

Through the slightly blacked out windows I can see the table we were at and Joe and Serena sit laughing, incredibly close. Joe looks down at the table a few times when suddenly he stops. I see both angles here. Underneath where their legs are and obviously the top half of their bodies.

Serena's touching his leg, running her hand up it and my mouth drops open. When Joe turns to meet her she kisses him. From a shocked expression she moves away and looks apologetic before he leans in and kisses her back.

There's an aching I can't describe radiating through me and for some reason I find my hand trailing back down between my legs, parting my shorts.

From this crouched position I'd be hard to spot and I'm relatively sure no one can see me from inside. Outside it quiet.

I stoke myself watching Joe kissing her. For a minute I stop and contemplate leaving and the fact I'm treading dangerous territory but I can't stop myself.

Slipping my slight fingers back inside of me I feel an unforgiving pleasure radiating throughout me and I gasp when I find my most sensitive spot.

Joe's face frowning into their kiss only pushes me further.

The hands running across each other making me melt harder onto myself.

From behind me I'm grabbed. And quickly I jump up to my feet, completely caught off guard.

"Shit..." I say, not thoroughly thinking it through.

Standing in front of me is Eric, his eyes staring down to my shorts, my hand, then back up towards my face. He takes in pyjama's and the probably the longing in my eyes as I try to shrink away ashamed.

Surprisingly he says. "Need a hand?"

For a minute I don't say anything and he pushes me back gently till I hit a barrel sitting just beneath the bar's windows.

I try to speak but I can't and before I can think about an ensuing answer, he's pushed my pyjama shorts to one side and slips his fingers within me with perfected ease.

He doesn't kiss me and I don't care. He just keeps stroking me and I flick between him standing in front of me to Joe back at the bar kissing Serena over my shoulder. Her hands running over Joe's crotch.

Gasping I can't control the dribbled words that begin to evolve. "Oh god..." "Please." And anything else that appears on my mind.

Eventually he touches a spot and inside I crumble, my hips bucking and Eric steadies me with his body as my release becomes apparent to him.

When the mood changes in the air I hold a hand to my mouth. "Oh god..." The words leaving me rather strangled, "I'm...I'm sorry." I up and run from the alley as quickly as I can.

It is Eric, I'm right. It was the same feeling before, and now when I'm away from him I can recall the same scent as the man from the training room.

Had Eric been waiting for me to return to the training room? Maybe he'd seen me in the corridor; I did look dissolved and bewildered in pyjama's clambering around Dauntless.

The initiates room is quiet and the shamed feeling doesn't leave me. Clambering in between the sheets I lightly place my palm to my forehead, I must be sick, delusional.

For what seems like fifteen minutes of me beating myself up internally, there is footsteps and I still. The bed next to me moves and when I secretly peer across, it's Joe getting between his sheets and facing away from me.

Oh the shame.

When his breath becomes even and patterned I feel the slight tears dripping down and saturating my pillow by my cheek.

How the hell am I going to face everyone tomorrow?

End  
file.